a Dedorn Dog Book 1/6

# Waltz for Chloe & other short stories

Geoff Towner

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waltz for chloe

# MOCKINGBIRD

Mockingbird.
Pins and needles.
Wilful words,
barely lethal,
now unheard.

Mockingbird
does my head in.
Hurtful words.
No point lyin',
I don't know about the life we're leadin'.

I don't know what's goin' on.
Baby, where do we go from here?

Mockingbird.
Final face-off.
Painful words,
building pathos,
disinterred.

Nightingale,
free and fancy.
Try and fail.
No point tryin'
'cause I don't know how to be romantic.

I don't know what's goin' on.
Baby, where do we go from here?

*A song whose genesis was about 10 years in the construction,*
*borne of a time when writing songs wasn't a priority.*
*Influenced by the simplicity of haiku (which it is not),*
*Archer Prewitt and Queens of the Stone Age.*
*Ugly birds and pretty birds.*

# DANGER GIRL

I tell her what I oughta,
but she sees that I'm diggin' for some sympathy.
Is she her mother's daughter?
No empathy, it's killin' me, not killin' me.

Not everybody knows
she wears her sister's clothes,
but she don't wanna talk about it, talk about it.
Patience comes and goes,
tempers ebb and flow,
and she can't even say what she means...

...but she's my danger girl.
She rules my world.
Yeah, she's my danger girl.
She rules my world.

I tell her that my back hurts,
and she keeps only looking at me quizzically.
I'm headin' for the outskirts,
but now she's wavin' & she's callin' me, keeps callin' me.

Now everybody knows
she wears her sister's clothes,
but we don't have to talk about it, talk about it.
Resistance comes and goes,
emotions ebb and flow,
and she is gonna say what she means...

...and she's my danger girl.
She rules my world.
Yeah, she's my danger girl.
She rules my world.

*Another song that took a decade to write.*
*Part of a group of what I called "shower songs",*
*that partially wrote themselves whilst bathing*
*and got forged into shape much, much later.*
*An attempt at writing a positive pop song, dancing with dualities.*

# THROUGH THE NIGHT
# & THROUGH ALL OF THE DAY

One day I would like to run away with you.
There is nothing else that I would rather do,
through the night and through all of the day.
Maybe we could go live in a caravan?
Formulate another kind of battle plan?
Through the night and through all of the day.

Hey, now! I figured it out that I love you.
It's without a doubt all I can do,
through the night and through all of the day.
But I can't help thinkin' that I don't deserve you.
Last thing I want is to hurt you,
through the night and through all of the day.

I'm feelin' kinda sad,
then you reach out for my hand.
I'm gonna run to you
through the night and through all of the day.

And I'd give what's left of my life just to hold you.
It always seems right when I'm with you,
through the night and through all of the day.
One week with nobody else, just me and you.
What a difference it makes if it comes true!
Through the night and through all of the day.

I'm feelin' kinda sad,
then you reach out for my hand.
I'm gonna run to you
through the night and through all of the day.
I'm feelin' kinda sad,
then you reach out for my hand,
because I'm loving you
through the night and through all of the day.

*About trying to find time for romance with the missus.*
*Another positive love song - a rarity in itself!*
*References to the Kinks & Bryan Adams.*

# THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. VIGEOUS

You drive me wild.
You drive me up the wall,
so I have further to fall
when the hurtin' words you say are unspoken.
Who needs a heart when a heart can be broken?

Oh God. Oh God.
Why have you forsaken me?
The future's just plain to see,
'cause devils now follow me
just like angels used to do.
What's a goddamn son of a preacher man gonna do?

You make me hot.
You make me wanna puke,
so I withstand the rebukes
and take heed of the heart's simple lessons.
This is the sound of my self-resurrection.

Oh God. Oh God.
Why have you forsaken me?
The future's just plain to see,
'cause devils now follow me
just like angels used to do.
What's a goddamn son of a preacher man gonna do?

*The original idea with this song was to try*
*and reference a different song with each line.*
*Considering that the first verse and chorus were written circa 1999*
*and the second verse not 'til almost 20 years later,*
*I guess it proved too difficult an idea to proceed with!*
*St. Vigeous is a vampire "saint" from Buffy the Vampire Slayer.*
*Other obvious references include:*
*Tina Turner, Doris Day, Dusty Springfield and the Holy Bible.*
*It's about dual emotions and choosing paths.*

# SING OUT LOUD

Thought I couldn't play,
thought I couldn't write.
At the end of the day,
given up the fight.
Then the Music came
to me late one night.
Armed with a guitar,
time to make it right…

I'd forgotten how to sing out loud,
sing out loud.
I'd forgotten how to sing out loud,
loud and proud.
The noises and the sounds
help the voice to come around.

Nothin' more to say?
Nothin' more to write?
Twelve years to the day
keepin' outta sight.
Open the flood gates,
hold my hand real tight,
and ride the tidal wave
till all we see is white…

I'd forgotten how to sing out loud,
sing out loud.
I'd forgotten how to sing out loud,
loud and proud.
The noises and the sounds
help the voice to come around.

*Written after I'd started writing again in earnest,*
*after about "12 years" of second guessing myself.*
*It's one of a long line of songs about writing songs.*

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death star blues

# OLD PRICK LOSIN' HIS MARBLES BLUES

Hey,
I really need to write this down,
to stop myself from runnin' around
so I can get this finished sometime day.

Hey,
I need your help in gettin' tthis down,
or I'm not gonna remember these sounds
and the lyrics will just trickle away…

Before I forget.
Before I think better of it.
Before I regret
every single little part of it.

Hey,
that ol' Devil is doin' the rounds,
wrackin' these ol' hands with the doubts,
gettin' stronger with the onset of age.

Before I forget.
Before I think better of it.
Before I regret
every single little part of it.

*Another song about writing songs.*
*Another song about getting old.*
*(sigh)*

# IN MY CHAIR

You,
crackin' whips in the air.
You,
tearing out all your hair,

and I'm
sitting here in my chair.
And I
seem not able to care.
Don't we make a pair?

You,
givin' me your death stare.
You,
let me know it's unfair

and I'm
sitting here in my chair.
And I
seem not able to care.
Am I
blissfully unaware?
'Cause I'm
paralysed in my chair.
Don't we make a pair?

*The title comes via a moment of hilarity with Tom Adamson,*
*and was originally the title of a Hammerhead Metal song.*
*It's a song about male inactivity*
*and the arguments that stem forth.*
*And there's a (slight) Midget reference.*

## GET BACK ON THAT HORSE, TOLNEX

Wait.
Stop that.
I got runnin' like electric shocks that
course through my veins, right into my brain…

but I gotta get back on that horse.
I gotta get back on that horse.

Stop.
Wait on.
I seem to feel it all dissipatin'
through my fingertips, right out my lips

and I gotta get back on that horse.
I gotta get back on that horse.

## DEATH STAR BLUES

I'm just an average joe
and I'm never "in the know".
I'm hired on a contract,
makin' sure it's all up to scratch.

Don't let 'em take me down.
Don't let 'em take me out.

I'm just a normal guy
and I do not wanna die,
but I can hear the Rebels
comin' at us like the Devil.

Don't let 'em take me down.
Don't let 'em take me out.

*Two songs in one! First (and probably last) time I'll do that.*
*Part One is about wsriting songs. Again.*
*Part Two is from the perspective of a contract builder*
*on the second Death Star, an idea stolen from "Clerks".*

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songs in the
key of bonfus

# THE FUCKTARDIAN

I get permission to speak
from the good guys in white,
but I got nothin' to say.
I'm not gonna lie,
I've got decisions to make.
It's as easy as pie
to procrastinate,
and I can see why.

A counter-seduction in disguise.
that Fucktardian's on the rise.
To measure our hearts in three/four time
and hang our memories on the line
is counter-productive, don't deny it,
but good guys aren't always in white.
So, exit the sunshine from your eyes...
that Fucktardian's gotta die!

*I have no idea what this song is about.*
*Or even what a "Fucktardian" is.*
*All I was hearing everywhere at the time was*
*"fucktard" and "Mandalorian"*
*and they got squished together.*
*There's an Avalanches reference that reappears down the line.*
*I think, like the other two songs on this EP,*
*that this song is about death.*

# THE MONKEY

Tonight, turn out the light
‘cause the Monkey is gonna die?
That son of a gun is outta time,
‘cause the Monkey won’t be denied.
He won’t go out without a fight
‘cause the Monkey will be alright.
That son of a gun is outta line,
‘cause the Monkey will never die!

’Cause the Monkey, yeah the Monkey,
will be fine.
’Cause the Monkey, yeah the Monkey,
will see the light.
’Cause the Monkey, yeah the Monkey,
will survive.
’Cause the Monkey, yeah the Monkey,
will never die!

*Hahahahaha!*
*“Nonsense song”, quickly written.*
*Inspired by a joke between Tom Adamson and myself.*
*Something to do with Planet of the Apes.*
*I have no idea what this song is about.*
*Is “the Monkey” humanity itself? On it’s last legs?*
*Or did I just want to see how many times I could put “Monkey” in a song?*

# THE BONFUS

Guess I'll be goin' 'round the mountain when she comes,
on a single black horse, coughin' up a lung.

I am the General,
the Tube Orange Tronfus.
I am the Bonfus.

'Cause my phobia's my phobias are real;
that this transformation cannot be appealed.

I am the General,
the Tube Orange Tronfus.
I am the Bonfus.

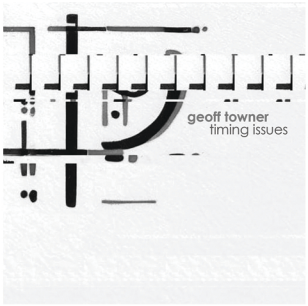
And lonely is what loneliness has done,
tied together, yet designed to come undone.

I am the General,
the Tube Orange Tronfus.
I am the Bonfus.

So I'll be lyin' here, dead on the kitchen floor,
ready to rise again, just waitin' for her call.

I am the General,
the Tube Orange Tronfus.
I am the Bonfus.

*Quickly written "nonsense song" for the Bonfus EP.*
*The word "Bonfus" is a recent mutation on the word "Tronfus",*
*with blame partially going to Tom Adamson.*
*The term "Tube Orange Tronfus" hearkens back*
*to the Dead Tree days circa early 1990,*
*coined by band mate & best friend Matt Drury.*
*"The General" is a reference to "General Pipe", another term*
*from the same era coined by fellow band mate Stu Beekmeyer.*
*This is a song about death and the afterlife.*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timing issues

# COUNTRY GIRLS DON'T QUOTE SISYPHUS

I've been lookin' out for love every night.
Better off dead, avoiding all the fist fights.
Benny Rush said "two wrongs don't make it right",
but was he lyin', cryin' "I'll be there when things fall apart"?
An' I've been dreamin' and divided in half.
Better out there, avoiding medocrity.
For what it's worth, it's worse for me:
This verse be cursed. Just let it be, what will be.

It is what it is, and what it is,
(it's that) country girls don't quote Sisyphus.

(So) who's the villain? This Corinthian's song
is better off un-recorded with the rest of them.
(With) our existence, our rebellious wrongs,
we'll be dyin', fryin'. I don't give a fuck anymore.
(There's) no heroes in this apocalypse war,
when one and one and one is four.
"But one and one and one is three?"
One and one and "what" is whenever we meet.

It is what it is, and what it is,
(it's that) country girls don't quote Sisyphus.

*Borne from offhand comments & dreams.*
*An excercise in piling on the references to the point of collage.*
*Almost.*
*The first known citation of "two wrongs..."*
*was in a 1783 letter by American treasurer Benjamin Rush.*
*Other references include:*
*Buffalo Springfield, the Beatles, Doris Day, Anthrax,*
*Judge Dredd, George Orwell, Albert Camus (obviously)*
*& others now forgotten.*

# FUCKING ANKO

This used to be our mission,
now we've got this condition
and what's gone is gone.
It's all the same to me.
And any old decision
is ne'er the right decision,
'cause what's wrong is wrong.
Oh let the powers set us free!

Where is the intimacy?
The conversations are weak
and I'll always let you down…again. Again.

Excuses and omissions.
Deep in this hole we're diggin'
and what's done is done.
It's all "game over", see?
If there's a right decision,
a rhetorical question?
'Cause a song's a song,
it has no answers there within.

Where is the intimacy?
Where is the Adam and Eve?
I'll always let you down.
The conversations are weak.
The conversation's asleep.
I'll always let you down.
Separate by degrees.
Sever, cease and desist,
and I'll always let you down…again. Again.

Are we always makin' a mockery?
What's won is won. Left the power on again.
Are we always dippin' in quality?
We used to be IKEA, but now we are just fucking Anko.

*A song about poverty, repetition and middle-age.*
*References include Depeche Mode*
*and the recurring Biblical motifs.*

# AND I RIPPED OFF THE BEE GEES TOO

So come on,
sad songs say so much.
So breathe on,
with your purposely built iron lung rush.
So sing on,
‘cause bad songs suck so much.
So ride on,
’cause I could never go with you (no matter how much I wanted to).

We understand the underground,
the underground is all around.
It’s all around, the underground.
The underground swells all around.

So rip out your eyeballs
and call the police.
Get your second-hand promises
to set your path upon sweet release.
I started a joke
which left the whole world crying, yeah.
Let’s burn down the archives,
the sea’s on the breeze.
Get the Salvation Army band
to play my fun’ral march in the streets.
I started a joke
which got the whole world crying, yeah.

*An attempt at a Malkmus-esque song.*
*Apart from the obvious Bee Gees reference(s),*
*there’s also a wink to Elton John*
*and a HUGE nod to AC/DC.*

# CREDITS

*Waltz For Chloe*
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*Death Star Blues*
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a Dedorn Dog Book

# Waltz for Chloe & other short stories

This collection compiles the lyrics to 4 separate Extended Plays, in chronological order, recorded between 2017 and now.

"Waltz For Chloe" is an unreleased EP recorded between 2017-2018.
"Death Star Blues" was recorded and released in 2019.
"Songs In The Key Of Bonfus" was recorded between 2020 and 2023, and released in 2023.
"Timing Issues" has begun recording in 2024, and has yet to be completed.

Geoff Towner is a middle-aged, washed-up, has-been singer/songwriter/musician/artist/archivist/father/failure/dickhead who hates writing songs. His music has been likened to Will Oldham, Bill Callahan, Mark Kozelek, Jason Molina, Leonard Cohen, Robert Wyatt, Nick Cave & Bon Iver.

"I really need to go home and have Valium after that" - Nick Ketley

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